

DAILY UNION VEDETTE.

A champion brave, alert and strong... To aid the right, oppose the wrong.

Vol. 1.]

Camp Douglas, U. T., Saturday Morning, February 6, 1864.

[No. 27.]

Daily Union Vedette,
PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, EXCEPT SUNDAYS,
—AT—
CAMP DOUGLAS, UTAH TERRITORY,
—BY—
OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN,
—OF THE—
California & Nevada Territory Volunteers

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Job Work,
SUCH AS
MINING CERTIFICATES,
PROGRAMMES, BALL INVITATIONS,
BILL HEADS,
Cards, Circulars, Blank Forms,
etc., - - - etc., - - - etc.,
IN GOOD STYLE AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

All Orders addressed "To the Publishers of the DAILY VEDETTE, Camp Douglas, Utah Territory," will meet with prompt attention.

All communications must be addressed to the "Editor of the DAILY VEDETTE, Camp Douglas, Utah Territory."

Mr. E. D. PENNINGTON is our authorized Agent for the transaction of business in Salt Lake City. Office in the U. S. Quartermaster's Storehouse, Main Street.

Mr. L. W. A. COLE is our Carrier and Soliciting Agent for Great Salt Lake City.

HAIR CUTTING, SHAVING, AND SHAMPOOING.

E. J. CASANO HAS THE PLEASURE OF INFORMING the public that he has fitted up and opened a neat and

COMMODIOUS SALOON
South of the Cavalry quarters, at Camp Douglas, where he will attend to the wants of all who may favor him with their patronage. Jan 20 11f

C. CLIVE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,

Main St. opposite the Town Clock, G. S. L. C.

CLOTHING of all kinds made and repaired in the highest style of art.
Particular attention paid to the manufacture of Officers' Military Uniforms. Jan 7 11f

DAGUERREAN GALLERY.

G. D. BECKWITH, HAS THE PLEASURE OF announcing to the public, that he is now prepared to take

PICTURES OF ALL KINDS
In the daguerrean art, at prices to suit.
Gallery opposite the Commissary Store, at Camp Douglas, U. T. Jan 20 11f

UNION HOUSE.

ON Main Street, G. S. L. C., one door north of the U. S. Subsistence Storehouse. Meals at all hours, and at the most reasonable rates.

OYSTER SUPPERS
served up on the shortest notice, and in first rate style. Jan 8 11f
T. R. MILLER & CO.

GOLD! GOLD!!

THE undersigned thanks his numerous friends for past patronage, and trusts by strict attention to business and good workmanship, to merit a continuance of their favors.

Gold and Silver worked with every design of jewelry.
Two doors south of the U. S. Subsistence Storehouse, Main Street, Great Salt Lake City. Jan 9 11f
W. JONES.

DENTISTRY.

DR. WM. H. GROVES, late of San Francisco, Cal., Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. Office, next door to the National Hotel, G. S. L. City. Nov 27 11f

MANURE FOR SALE.

SEVERAL hundred loads of Manure for sale, at twenty-five cents per load, at Camp Douglas, U. T. Apply to the Post Treasurer. Jan 27 11f

POTATOES FOR SALE!

BUTTER, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, HAMS, CHEESE and a general assortment of Produce constantly on hand and for sale at

GREER'S Variety Store,
East Side of Main Street,
Great Salt Lake City.
Feb 2 11p

NOTICE.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held in this City, January 25th, 1864, an assessment was levied of two dollars and fifty cents per share. Payable on or before February 15th, 1864.

By order of the Board.
G. W. CARNETON, Sec'y
Jordan Silver Mining Co.
Great Salt Lake City, Jan. 26, 1864. Feb 3 11p

The Professor's Adventure

Between eight and ten years ago, I engaged in a long vacation campaign among the Alps of Savoy. I was alone. My object was not amusement, but study. I occupy a Professor's Chair, and I was engaged in the collection of materials for a work on the Flora of the higher Alps; and, to this end, traveled chiefly on foot. My route lay away from the beaten paths and passes. I often journeyed for days through regions where there were neither inns nor villages. I often wandered from dawn to dusk among sterile steeps unknown even to the herdsmen of the upper pasturage and untrodden save by the chamois and the hunter. I thought myself fortunate at these times if, toward evening, I succeeded in steering my way down to the nearest chalet, where, in company with a half savage mountaineer and a herd of milch goats, I might find the shelter of a rafters roof, and a supper of black bread and whey.

On one particular evening I had gone farther than usual, in pursuit of the Senecio unifloris, a rare plant which I had hitherto believed indigenous to the southern valleys of Monte Rose, but of which I here succeeded in finding one, or two indifferent specimens. It was a wild and barren district, difficult to distinguish with any degree of precision on the map; but lying among the upper defiles of the Fal de Bagnes between the Mount Pleureur and the Grand Combin. On the waste of rock strewn mass to which I had climbed, there was no sight of human habitation. Above me lay the great ice-fields of Corbassiere, surmounted by the silver summits of the Graffanerie and Combin. To my left the sun was going down rapidly between a forest of smaller peaks, the highest of which, as well as I could judge from Osterwald's map, was the Mont Blanc de Cheilon. In ten minutes more these peaks would be crimson; in one short half hour it would be night.

To be benighted on an Alpine plateau towards the latter end of September is not a desirable position. I knew it by recent experience, and had no wish to repeat the experiment. I therefore began retracing my route as rapidly as I could, descending in a north-westerly direction and keeping a sharp look-out for any chalet that might offer a shelter for the night. Pushing forward thus, I found myself presently at the head of a little verdant ravine, channelled as it were, in the face of the plateau. I hesitated. It seemed, through the gathering darkness, as if I could discern vague traces of a path trampled here and there in the deep grass. It also seemed to me as if the ravine trended down towards the upper pastures which were my destination. By following it I could scarcely go wrong. Where there is grass, there are generally cattle and a chalet; and I might possibly find a nearer resting-place than I had anticipated. At all events I resolved to try it.

The ravine proved shorter than I had expected and, instead of leading immediately downward, opened upon a second plateau, through a well worn footway struck off abruptly to the left. Pursuing the footway with what speed I might, I came, in the course of a few minutes, to a sudden slope at the bottom of which is a basin almost sur-

rounded by gigantic limestone cliffs, lay a small dark lake, a few fields, and a chalet. The rose tints had by this time come and gone; and the snow had put on that ghostly gray which precedes the dark. Before I could descend the slope that skirted the lake, and mount the little eminence on which the house stood, sheltered by its backgrounds of rocks it was already night, and the stars were in the sky.

I went up to the door and knocked; no one answered. I opened the door; all was dark. I paused—held my breath—listened—fancied I could distinguish a low sound, as of some one breathing I knocked again. My second knock was followed by a quick noise, like the pushing of a chair, and a man's voice said, hoarsely:

"Who is there?"
"A traveler," I replied, "seeking shelter for the night."

A heavy footstep crossed the floor, a sharp flash shot through the darkness, and I saw by the flickering of a lantern. Having lighted it, he said, with scarce a glance towards the door, "Enter, traveler," and went back to his seat beside the empty hearth.

I entered. The chalet was of a better sort than those usually found at so great an altitude, consisting of a dairy and house-place, with a loft overhead. A table, with three or four stools occupied the centre of the room. The rafters were hung with branches of dried herbs and long strings of Indian corn. A clock ticked in a corner; a kind of rude pallet upon trestles stood in a recess beside the fireplace; and through a lattice, at the farthest end, I could hear the cows feeding in the outhouse beyond.

Somewhat perplexed by the manner of my reception, I unstrapped my knapsack and specimen-box, took possession of the nearest stool, and asked if I could have supper.

My host looked up with the air of a man intent on other things. I repeated the inquiry.

"Yes," he said wearily; "you can eat, traveler."

With this he crossed to the other side of the hearth, stooped over a dark object which until now I had not observed, crouched in the corner, and muttered a word or two of unintelligible patois. The object moaned; lifted up a bewildered woman's white face; and rose slowly from the floor. The herdsmen pointed to the table, and went back to his stool and his former attitude. The woman, after pausing helpless, as if the effort to remember something, went out into the dairy, came back with a brown loaf and a pan of milk, and set them before me on the table.

As long as I live I shall never forget the expression of that woman's face. She was young, and very pretty; but her beauty seemed turned to stone. Every feature bore the seal of unspeakable terror. Every gesture was mechanical. In the lines that furrowed her brow was a haggardness more terrible than haggardness of age. In the locking of her lips there was an anguish beyond the utterance of words. Though she served me, I do not think she saw me. There was no recognition in her eyes; no apparent consciousness of any object or circumstances external to the secret of her own despair. All this I noticed

during the brief moments in which she brought me my supper. That done, she crept away, exactly, into the same dark corner, and sank down again, a mere huddled heap of clothing.

As for her husband there was something unnatural in the singular immobility of his attitude. There he sat, his body bent forward, his chin resting on his palms, his eyes staring fixed at the blackened hearth, and not even the involuntary quiver of a nerve to show that he lived and breathed. I could not determine his age, analyse and observe his features as I might. He looked old enough to be fifty, and young enough to be forty; and was a fine muscular mountaineer, with that grave cast of countenance which is peculiar to the Valaisian peasant.

I could not eat. The keenness of my mountain appetite was gone. I sat as if fascinated in the presence of this strange pair; observing both and apparently, by both as much forgotten as if I had never crossed their threshold. We remained thus, by the dim light of the lantern and the monotonous ticking of the clock, for some forty minutes or more as profoundly silent. Sometimes the woman stirred, as if in pain; sometimes the cows struck their horns against the manger in the outhouse. The herdsmen alone sat motionless, like a man cast in bronze. At length the clock struck nine. I had by this time become so nervous that I almost dreaded to hear my own voice interrupt the silence. However, I pushed my plate noisily aside, and said, with as much show of ease as I could muster:

"Have you any place, friend, in which I can sleep to-night?"

He shifted his position uneasily and without looking round, replied in the same form of words as before:

"Yes; you can sleep traveler."

"Where. In the loft above?"

He nodded affirmatively, took the lantern from the table and turned toward the dairy. As we passed, the light streamed for a moment over the crouching figure in the corner.

"Is your wife ill?" I asked pausing and looking back.

His eyes met mine for the first time, and a shudder passed over his body.

"Yes," he said, with an effort. "She is ill."

I was about to ask what ailed her, but something in his face arrested the question on my lips. I knew not, to this hour, what that something was. I could not define it then; I cannot describe it now; but I hope I may never see it in a living face again.

I followed him to the foot of a ladder at the further end of the dairy.

"Up there," he said; placed the lantern in my hand, and strode heavily back into the darkness.

I went up, and found myself in a long, granary, stored with corn sacks, hay, onions, rock salt cheeses and farming implements. In one corner were the unusual luxuries of a mattress, a rug, and a three-legged stool. My first care was to make a systematic inspection of the loft and all that it contained; my next, to open a little unglazed lattice with a sliding shutter, just opposite my bed.

The night was brilliant, and a stream of fresh air and moonlight poured in. Oppressed by a strange, undefined sense of trouble, I extinguished the lantern, and stood looking out upon

[Continued on Fourth Page.]

DAILY UNION VEDETTE.

Saturday Morning, February 6, 1864.

Postal Delinquencies.

We are in the constant receipt of complaints from our numerous subscribers at other Posts, in consequence of the non-receipt of the *Vedette*, or the irregularity with which it is sometimes received. Although it is little satisfaction to those of our subscribers who are debarred of the pleasure of receiving our paper, yet in exculpation of ourselves, we assure them that the *Vedette* is regularly, each day, mailed to their respective addresses. We have before us several communications from Forts Bridger and Ruby, saying that the *Vedette* does not come to hand. It is hard that after remitting their funds to purchase the paper, and when it is regularly posted, subscribers should fail to receive it, through irregularity of Uncle Sam's mails, or the carelessness of Uncle Sam's Post-Masters. We trust that the Post Master at Salt Lake City, who is also, we believe, a Special Mail Agent, will take such measures as will remedy this great, and, we regret to say, growing evil. We have made some inquiries into the matter and are inclined to believe that the Salt Lake Post Office is not so much to blame as Post Masters along the Overland route. Bridger is not entitled to a daily mail, but at our request and to accommodate that Post, Mr. Stenhouse informs us that he puts the Bridger mail into the Lock-bags carrying the way mail from this City to Denver and St. Joe. These bags alternate—one day the Denver mail goes, the next, the mail for St. Joe is sent. In order to give Bridger a daily mail, the matter (including our papers) is put alternately in the Denver and St. Joe bags. If the Post Master at Bridger will only open these bags every day, we think he will find his mail matter all right. If, however, he allows the bags to pass his office unopened, our papers, intended for Bridger, will go on to Denver or St. Joe. Our experience teaches us that where the *Vedette* by accident gets into the wrong hands, it never comes back again, and we think it not improbable that while our friends at Bridger are grumbling at the non-receipt of the little visitor, the good folks about Pike's Peak and along the Missouri river, are devouring its contents and enjoying its pen most highly. If the evil is as suggested, will our friend at Bridger look into the matter—not only look into that, but into the Denver and St. Joe mail bags?

Now as to Fort Ruby. The Postmaster there is not as careful as he might be. He allows the mail matter posted for Ruby to go by his station. We have ourselves seen great piles of California newspapers lying in the Post-Office at Salt Lake, which had passed through Ruby, although plainly addressed to that place. The mistake has been detected at this Office, and the papers re-mailed and sent back, instead of going on, as they otherwise would, to the Missouri river. With these facts before us, we think it highly probable that our papers, mailed regularly as they are to Fort Ruby, pass by that post and go on to California. If this is true—and we cannot account for the irregularity otherwise—it is the result of carelessness, and we hope this gentle hint will be kindly taken and the evil promptly remedied.

The matter has become so great a source of annoyance to ourselves as well as to our subscribers, that we'll get mad bye and bye, and then, look out! Amiable as we notoriously are, there are some things in this world that rile us, and they are only such as pass all endurance. This mail matter is getting to be one of them, and if it isn't soon remedied, some day when we are in an unamiable mood we'll be tempted to write about Post Offices and Postmasters, for whom we have had a high respect; but we can't afford to lose our subscribers and our papers, too. Unfeeling and irate stage contractors have been heard, in moments of anger, to darkly hint at deep mud-holes along the route, which could be profitably and easily macadamized with ponderous paper bags. We have no reason to think our papers have met so inglorious a fate; but in the most amiable way possible we give timely notice to special agents, postmasters, mail

contractors, road agents, stage drivers, and all whom it may concern, that the *Vedette* must get to its proper destination, or we'll raise a row.

We wind up this article by repeating that the *Vedette* is daily mailed at the Post-Office, and we hope to hear no more complaints on this score.

SALT LAKE THEATER.—On Wednesday evening the fine play of "Love's Sacrifice" was performed to a good house. Mrs. Irwin's Margaret was a splendid piece of acting in one of the most difficult roles. It is hard to specify in which scene the actress appeared best, where all were rendered with truth to nature and the author, and the performance was a perfect success. Mr. Snow did better as Matthew Ebnore—the stricken father and penitent homicide—than he did in the character of Damon. His conception and rendering of the part were creditable. Irwin appeared as Eugene De Lorme, and, although the part does not admit of any very heavy acting, it was gracefully rendered. The fault which Mr. Irwin—like all young actors who have early attained a certain height in the profession and considerable success—has most to guard against, is carelessness. For instance, it don't sound well to the audience to hear a first rate actor speak of "desolate companions" instead of "dissolute companions," as did Irwin in the first Act. These inaccuracies—the result of careless speech, may be overlooked for a time or two, but their repetition impairs the reputation of an artist.

McKenzie's Monk, was very admirable. He is always up in his parts and with care, study and observation, will make a good actor. We are always pleased to see him announced, for we know his part will, at least, be creditable. Caine was only so-so, as the Heavy Villain Lafont. Sameness in tone and action is what he should guard against. St. Leo, by Whitney, was very good—for him; but he enunciated badly, and in the first scene, especially, the audience failed to catch or understand one word out of the ten which he probably spoke. Moreover, the caste was too heavy for him—which is rather the fault (if fault there was) of the Stage Manager, than of Whitney. He suffered himself however, to ring in a most horrible "gag" when he revamped Irwin's, "I believe you, my boy." A gag is the hardest imaginable tool to play with, and is seldom pardonable—never in such a play as "Love's Sacrifice."

So "No more o' that, Hal! An' thou lovest me?"

Clawson's Jean, the poor Clerk, was dressed to perfection for he did look like the d—l, sure enough, and played his part very well. To-night "Othello" will be performed, Mr. Irwin taking the superb part of Iago. Mr. Snow, the dusky Moor, and Mrs. Irwin as Desdemona.

After the dramatic performance, the Conjuror Simmons will give some of his wonderful tricks.

INTERMARITAL NOTICE.—By particular request we publish for the benefit of all whom it may concern, the following certificate. We may add that the proper stamp for Internal Revenue was duly affixed to the document:

I hereby certify that JONAS C. SUGARMAN and MARY C. BRATSON were by me legally intermarried, at Great Salt Lake City, in the Territory of Utah, this fourth day of February, A. D., eighteen hundred and sixty-four.

JOHN TITUS,
Clerk of Justice of Utah.

DISMISSED THE SERVICE.—Capt. M. A. McLaughlin Co. "D" 2d Cav. C. V., has been dismissed the service for "fraud and corruption in Q. M. Department," having been found guilty by General Court Martial assembled at Visalia, California.

2d Lieut. Unger, of same Co., has also been dismissed by Gen. Wright, subject to the approval of the President, in consequence of the facts elicited in the trial of Capt. McLaughlin.

RESIGNED.—2d Lieut. Wolcott, Co. "E," 2d Cav. C. V., has resigned and his resignation accepted by General Wright, Department Commander.

Arrest and Release of Judge Smith.
Judge A. P. M. Smith, whom we mentioned as having been banished from Bannack Mines by the Vigilance Committee, was yesterday morning arrested at the Salt Lake House, by Major Gallagher, acting under instructions from Gen. Connor. The Commanding General had received information that Smith was notorious and loud-spoken secessionist, whose peculiar delight was to render noisy homage to Jeff. Davis, and cast contempt on "Lincoln's hirelings," when safe opportunity offered. He was accordingly disarmed of a couple of revolvers and an Arkansas tooth-pick, and conveyed under guard to Camp Douglas.

During the day an investigation was held, the oath of allegiance administered, and on condition that he leave the Territory within seven days, he was released. He was formerly a resident of California, having served as member of the Assembly during the session of 1856. He says he is a Northern man; native of Maine, but has lived some time in the South. He insists that he is a loyal man, but says that he has been in a pretty hard country, (the Bannack mines) and while there, when he got into the company of traitors, he didn't deem it prudent to express his loyalty, but rather favored the idea that he was "a bully boy for Jeff. and his Confederacy." The crime for which he was banished from Bannack, was that he, as a lawyer, defended the desperadoes and succeeded in clearing one, named Hillman. Either he or his brother Attorney and companion in exile, Thurman, when the verdict of banishment was read to him, is said to have struck a melo-dramatic attitude, after the style of Bro. Snow, in Damon, and, in the words of Cataline, exclaimed "Banished from Rome! What is banished but set free from daily contact with the things I loathe?" etc. Having taken the oath of allegiance, duly administered by the Post Adjutant, Lt. Morrill, Judge S. proposes to proceed to California in a few days, a somewhat wiser, if not a better man, after his experience in Bannack and Salt Lake, and his many "hair-breadth 'scapes from flood and field," halters and Guard-Houses.

CALIFORNIA TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

[SPECIAL TO THE DAILY UNION VEDETTE.]

Fare by the Steamers.—Efforts to Continue Shipments of Powder to Mexico—Large Shipment of Treasure—Train Attacked by Apaches.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 2d.

Money easy, Exchange on Atlantic cities and Europe the same rates as at last steamer day.

Two steamers will take very large number of passengers for New York to-morrow. The rates of fare by the mail line are: Best saloon state-rooms, \$162; second cabin, \$82; steerage, \$55. Opposition, \$165, \$80, and \$50.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 3d.

SAILED.—Ship Zouave, Liverpool, carrying wheat.
Light trade during the week now closed.

A Resolution has passed the Legislature, without opposition, urging the California Congressional Delegation to endeavor to procure the consent of the President for a continuance of the shipment of blasting powder to the mines of Northwestern Mexico the same as has been the case heretofore. It is stated that the extensive mining operations in Sonora and Sinola must be stopped unless blasting powder can be procured.

The French Consul here has solicited the Collector of the Port to continue to make an exception of blasting powder, being convinced that no injury will ensue to the French armies in Mexico from sending such powder to the American and French mines in the Northern Provinces of that country.

The steamers America and St. Louis left to-day, carrying about 800 passengers. The St. Louis took \$1,377,818 in bullion, manifested, and it is reported has two millions in gold coin, and Gov. funds.

Capt. B. Cray left to take charge of the Government steamers for the special business of hunting pirates. The Apaches attacked the Butterfield train, en-route for the Mowry Mines, and killed Messrs. Stevens and Mills, the Superintendent and Clerk. Both the gentlemen killed were formerly connected with the Overland Stage Route. J. Ross Browne and Col. Caston, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Arizona, escaped with Butterfield.

PROFESSOR SIMMONS

THE

BASILICONTHAUMATURGIST

Will present the following

LEVIATHAN PROGRAMME,

AT THE

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY THEATER.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEB. 11, 1864.

First—He will swallow a hay-rick and put it back again alive.

Second—He will squeeze himself through a stick of peppermint candy and afterwards suck it spirally.

Third—He will freeze a red hot stove, and when it is reduced to the consistency of warm tea, will set it going again backwards on the same road.

Fourth—He will inflate a rotary pump with one puff of his powerful windpipe and afterwards make it rise perpendicularly outwards, wind being N. S. E. by W.

Fifth—He will eat 9 oranges and lay fifty eggs out of them while flying, the stairs being carpeted, and no questions asked.

Sixth—He will take the inside of the Theater out, pack it in a small envelope, swallow the envelope through his left ear, and when it is thoroughly drownd he will put out the fire diagonally.

Seventh—He will capsize himself vertically upon a one-legged table, and swallow an apple without its going down his throat. His asophagus will ascend, and his feet looking from above upon himself, will gyrate chorally to the melody of a carboniferous lay in conical sections of the early history of Utah.

N. B. Aesthetics will be strictly attended to, and the transcendental principles of Art preserved with pre-Raphaelite simplicity.

Eighth—He will cut off his head, severing the cervical vertebra without regard to prime cost, put the whole in his pocket, and placing his left leg through his mouth, will walk off forwards in a backward way, throwing himself to pieces and picking himself up again, while so cutting his cucumbers, blue with lace edges.

feb5td

WALKER BROS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Now offer to the public a complete

WINTER STOCK OF DRY GOODS.

Of every description, and are constantly receiving

NEW GOODS.

Three mule trains to arrive from California, with a fine and general assortment of

MERCHANDISE

FOR EARLY SPRING TRADE.
Jan 5-4w

JORDAN SILVER MINING COMPANY.

NOTICE is hereby given that the first annual meeting of the stockholders is called for Tuesday, the 16th instant, at 7 o'clock p. m., at the Secretary's Office, in Great Salt Lake City.

The object of said meeting is to elect a Board of Trustees for the ensuing year.

By Order of the President.

G. W. CARLTON, Secretary.
Great Salt Lake City, Feb. 2d, 1864. feb5 2w

WANTED.

HAY and Wood, at Camp Douglas, by

WALKER BROS

NOTICE.

Mining Certificates, Stock etc.—Having received Patents, Chits, Bank note paper and other material from California, we are now prepared to execute in the finest style, certificates of stock for Mining Companies incorporated either in this Territory, California, or Nevada.

ALL THE NECESSARY PRINTING for Mining Companies executed with neatness, and dispatch and on reasonable terms.

BY OVERLAND TELEGRAPH.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO DAILY VEDETTE.]

Confirmed.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4th.

The Senate yesterday confirmed Rake S. Dorr as receiver of public moneys for San Francisco.

Fight at Bachelor's Creek.

NEWBERNE, N. C., Feb. 1st.

Early this morning our outposts at Bachelor's Creek, were attacked by the enemy, represented to be in force fifteen thousand strong, consisting of Pickett's division with Hook's brigade. It being impracticable to make an adequate defence our forces fell back in good order, destroying their camps and abandoning a few stores, with a loss of fifty to a hundred men, and one section of artillery. Our forces are now so arranged that we are confident of a successful resistance. Almost simultaneously with this attack the enemy advanced on the south side of the Trent, with what force it is difficult to estimate, and were handsomely repulsed. Communication continues with Moorehead City, but the enemy is near the railroad with the evident intention of cutting it.

Success of Palmer's Party.

FORTRESS MONROE, Feb. 3d.

Gen. Butler issued the following on the 26th: Gen. Palmer, who was sent on an expedition to capture a force of rebel cavalry in Jones and Onslow counties, N. C., succeeded in routing the enemy and capturing twenty-three men with their horses and equipments; destroyed one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand pounds of pork, ten thousand pounds of tobacco; also captured several mules. On the 27th Capt. Caddy of the 24th New York battery, with his command, captured several prisoners, and a thousand sheep, in York county.

The Storm.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Feb. 3d.

A terrific storm swept over the entire South-west, Sunday. About eleven o'clock in the morning it rose to a tornado which raged 20 minutes, doing immense damage in a portion of the Indian Territory and down Arkansas Valley.

The Conscription Act.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4th.

The conscription Act was considered in the House yesterday. A proposition to strike out all commutation, was lost by a large vote. The amendment to exempt for three years those who commute was agreed to by a vote of 73 to 49.

House Republican Caucus--Rebel Conscription Dangerous Fellows.

NEW YORK, 4th.

The Herald's special from Washington the 3rd says: A Caucus of Republican members of the House held at Representative's Hall this evening, was well attended. Ninety members were present. The proceedings were of rather a conversational and informal nature. National politics were discussed, but no definite action taken. It was finally decided to invite unconditional Union Senators to meet with them at a meeting Monday evening next, at which time resolutions will be introduced and an attempt made to institute a regular basis for future political action. It was resolved to put through the amendments explanatory of the confiscation act and the amendments to the enrollment act, and if possible to obtain action upon them this week.

An unusual number of refugees from the south are entering our lines in order to escape conscription. They state that the night after the passage of the act conscripting all persons able to military duty, ninety refu-

gees, caught by rebel pickets along the Chickahominy, were given a pass for thirty days with an order to report at the expiration of that time for duty.

Fears are entertained in Richmond of insurrection on the part of this class, the rebel authorities will not allow more than five hundred conscripts to accumulate at the camp near Richmond, from apprehension of such an attempt. Bands are being organized in many parts of the south for the purpose of resisting the conscription.

The Tribune's special says: It is stated that Mr. Dayton will shortly be recalled from France, and that Gen. Fremont is appointed to succeed him. There are those who assert, however, that Fremont could not be tempted even by a daintier dish.

The Enemy Near Bachelor's Creek Repulsed.

HEAD-QUARTERS, Western Va.,
February 3d.

After we drove the enemy from the bridges yesterday, the rebels commenced a rapid retreat, our cavalry closely following up. Skirmishing ensued last night. A portion of Sullivan's forces, in attempting to cut the enemy off, encountered a large force of rebels in Mechanicsburg Gap, near Romney, and in the neighborhood of this Gap a fight took place. We eventually succeeded in compelling the enemy to take another road to the right and retreat with considerable precipitancy. In the engagement we took a number of prisoners. In retreating the enemy hastened to make a junction with the main rebel forces near Moorefield. It is believed that General Sullivan and Col. Mulligan's commands have formed a junction and are now pursuing the enemy vigorously. If the enemy escapes our forces he will not be able to take away any large portion of his plunder.

Movement of Floridians Unionward--Heavy Loss of Cotton by Fire.

NEW YORK, 4th.

A meeting of loyal citizens of Florida was held at Key West, on the 28th, for the purpose of restoring the State to its original status in the Union.

We learn from South Carolinians at Columbus, S. C., that a disastrous fire, Tuesday, destroyed three million dollars worth of cotton, a large portion of which belonged to Government, and Messrs. Gibbs & Co. It is understood there were only six hundred and fifty thousand dollars insurance.

Federal Train Captured.

CINCINNATI, 4th.

On the 29th a train of about eighty wagons, sent out from New Creek, heavily laden with commissary stores for the Garrison at Petersburg, escorted by eight hundred of Milligan's command were attacked three miles south of Williamsport by two thousand rebels. A fight ensued, lasting all the afternoon. At night our forces retreated, losing the train and leaving eighty killed and wounded on the field. The rebel loss is supposed to be about the same.

The Pacific Gunboat Wateree.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4th.

The Wateree, a Gunboat now here, destined for the Pacific, Frank K. Murray, commander, states that with heavy guns she made twelve miles an hour, steadily, at sea.

The Sensational Reports Contradicted.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4th.

The Time's special says: We have authority for contradicting the sensational reports published in northern papers on Tuesday of apprehended difficulties with France, growing out of the correspondence of Mr. Seward with Drayn De L'Huys, on the fitting out of rebel privateers in French ports. There is not the slightest apprehension felt by those conversant with all

the facts in the case of any difficulty with the French Emperor on the subject. On the contrary, the latest dispatch from Mr. Dayton is of quite a different tenor.

Gen. Scammon Captured--Ship Canal.

CHICAGO, Feb. 4th.

A Cincinnati telegram says: The steamer Levi, with Gen. Scammon on board, was captured by guerrillas yesterday at Reed's Landing, on the Kenawha. No particulars.

A bill was reported to the House yesterday, for a ship canal from the Mississippi to the Great Lakes. The bill which was recommitted is substantially the same as reported last year.

THEATER!

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY!!

GREAT ATTRACTION!!

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8th 1864.

THE EMINENT YOUNG AMERICAN HUMORIST,

ARTEMAS WARD,

[CHARLES F. BROWN.]

Will "Speak a Peice" and deliver his celebrated

COMIC ORATION,

entitled

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

In which
H. will touch on many topics,
Tell many thrilling anecdotes;
Attempt a few pleasant jokes
And
Make an occasional allusion to his subject.

Tickets for sale at the Box Office every day, from 10 A. M., to 4 P. M. feb5td

RANSOHOFF & BRO.,

MAIN STREET, GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH TERRITORY.

Now offer to the Public one of the Best Assorted and Largest Stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Fancy and Staple Articles,

Ever Brought to this Territory.

Selected With Especial View to this Market!

AT RATES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

A Full Assortment of

MERCHANDISE,

Including

Fancy Articles, Dress Goods, Trimmings,

Groceries, Hardware and Crockery.

In Fact Everything Desirable, Necessary and Useful from Needles up to Cooking Stoves; from Finest Laces and Silks to Calicoes, Collars and

WOOLEN GOODS.

Give us a Call, and see our Prices.

nov27-dtf

RANSOHOFF & BRO.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE partnership heretofore existing between G. W. Carleton and William Gilbreath, in the Weber Coal Mine, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All claims against said Company will be settled by George W. Carleton, he having bought out the entire interest in said Company.

G. W. CARLETON,
Wm. Gilbreath.

THEATER!!

GREAT SALT LAKE CITY!!

PERFORMANCES EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS.

GREAT COMBINATION OF TALENT.

The Popular Artists, MR. and MRS. S. M. IRWIN, and MR. B. SNOW, are engaged.

SATURDAY EVENING, FEB. 6th, 1864.

SHAKESPEARE'S GREAT CREATION,

OTHELLO,

The Moor of Venice.

OTHELLO - - - - - MR. B. SNOW
IAGO - - - - - MR. S. M. IRWIN
DESEMONA - - - - - MRS. S. M. IRWIN
For full particulars, see bills of day.

After the Play, the Celebrated Magician,

PROFESSOR SIMMONS

Will give a few specimens of his Necromancy.

Mr. FOUTLER will dance the Highland Sword Dance, to the music of Highland Bag-pipes by Mr. DUNBAR. To conclude with a Comic Song by Mr. MAIBEN.

Doors open at quarter past six; Curtain rises at seven o'clock. Box Office open every day for sale of tickets.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

CITIZENS OF UTAH,

Bring in Your Produce!!

A. GILBERT,

(Next door to the Salt Lake House,) calls special attention to his large and well selected

STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Consisting of

COTTON, WOOLEN, AND MIXED FABRICS,
CALICOES, SILKS, DRILLINGS, FLANNELS,

and other

STAPLES,

Selected Expressly for this Market;

Also offers on reasonable terms,

GROCERIES,

COFFEE,

CANDLES,

SOAP,

etc.,

etc.,

SUGARS,

HARDWARE,

CUTTLERY,

etc., etc., etc.,

CROCKERY,

On Terms to Suit.

EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND TRY OUR PRICE.

Highest Cash Prices paid for Grain.

nov27-dtf

A. GILBERT.

BODENBURG & KAHN.

NEW MERCHANDISE.

Just received from the

EASTERN MARKET,

Consisting in part of the best

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH

PRINTS,

BROWN SHEETINGS, LINSEYS,
DENIMS, SATINETTS, JEANS,
CHECKS, FLANNELS, HICKORY TWEEDS,

And a full assortment of

DRESS GOODS,

Fall and Winter

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Hardware, Crockery,

And a large and General Stock of

Groceries, Dye Stuffs, Cigars, Tobacco, etc.

Call and Examine our New Stock, at the old stand of

HOOPER, ELDREDGE & Co., East Temple street.

dec18dt

BODENBURG & KAHN

the solemn peaks and glaciers. Their solitude seemed to be more than usually awful. I could not help associating them in some vague way, with the mystery in the house. I perplexed myself with all kinds of wild conjectures as to what the nature of that mystery might be. The woman's face haunted me like an evil dream. Again and again I went from the lattice, vainly listening for any sound in the rooms below. A long time went by thus, until at length, overpowered by the fatigues of the day, I stretched myself on the mattress, took my knapsack for a pillow, and fell fast asleep.

I can guess neither how long my sleep lasted, nor from what cause I awoke. I only know that my sleep was dreamless and profound; and that I started from it suddenly, unaccountably, trembling in every nerve, and possessed by an overwhelming sense of danger.

Danger! Danger of what kind? From what? From whence? I looked round—I was alone, and the quiet moon was shining in as serenely as when I fell asleep. I got up, walked to and fro reasoned with myself; all in vain. I could not stay the beatings of my heart. I could not master the horror that oppressed my brain. I felt that I dared not lie down again; that I must get out of the house some how and at once; that to stay would be death; that the instinct by which I was governed must at all costs be obeyed.

I could not bear it. Resolved to escape, or at all events to sell life dearly. I strapped on my knapsack armed myself with my iron-headed alpenstock, took my large clasp-knife between my teeth, and began cautiously and noiselessly to descend the ladder. When I was about half-way down, the alpenstock, which I was studiously keeping clear of the ladder, encountered some dairy vessel, and sent it, clattering to the ground. Caution, after this, was useless. I sprang forward, reached the outer room at a bound, and found it, to my amazement deserted, with the door wide open and the moonlight streaming in. Suspecting a trap my first impulse was to stand still, with my back against the wall prepared for a desperate defense. All was silent. I could only hear the ticking of the clock, and the heavy beating of my own heart. The pallet was empty. The bread and milk were still standing where I had left them on the table. The herdsman's stool still occupied the same spot by the desolate hearth. But he and his wife were gone—gone in the dead of night—leaving me, a stranger, in the sole occupation of their home.

While I was yet irresolute whether to go or stay, and while I was wondering at the strangeness of my position. I heard, or fancied I heard something that might have been the wind, save that there was no air stirring—something that might have been the wailing of a human voice. I held my breath—heard it again—followed it as it died away. * * *

I had not far to go. A line of light gleaming under the door of a shed at the back of the chalet, and a cry bitter and more piercing than any I had yet heard, guided me direct to the spot.

I looked in—recoiled with horror—went back, as if fascinated; and so stood for some moments unable to move, to think, to do anything but stare helplessly upon the scene before me. To this day, I cannot recall it without something of the same sickening sensation.

Inside the hut, by the light of a pine torch thrust into an iron sconce against the wall, I saw the herdsman kneeling by the body of his wife;

grieving over her like another Othello; kissing her white lips, wiping the blood stains from her yellow hair, raving out inarticulate cries of passionate remorse, and calling down all the curses of Heaven upon his own head, and that of some other man who had brought this crime upon him! I understood it all now—all the mystery, all the terror, all the despair. She had sinned against him and he had slain her. She was quite dead. The very knife, with its hideous testimony fresh upon the blade, lay near the door.

I turned and fled—blindly, wildly, like a man with bloodhounds on his track; now stumbling over stones; now torn by briars; now pausing a moment to take breath; now rushing forward faster than before; now battling up-hill with straining lungs and trembling limbs; now staggering across a level space; now making for the higher ground again, and casting never a glance behind! At length I reached a bear plateau above the line of vegetation, where I dropped exhausted. Here I lay for a long time, beaten and stupefied, until the intense cold of approaching dawn forced upon me the necessity of action. I rose and looked around on the scene, no feature of which was familiar to me. The very snow-peaks, though I knew they must be the same, looked unlike the peaks of yesterday. The very glaciers, seen from a different point of view, assumed new forms, as if to baffle me. Thus perplexed I had no resource but to climb the nearest height from which it was probable that a general view might be obtained. I did so, just as the last belt of purple mist turned golden in the east, and the sun rose.

A superb panorama lay stretched before me, peak beyond peak, glacier beyond glacier, valley and pine forest and pasture slope, all flushed and palpitating in the crimson vapors of the dawn. Here and there I could trace the foam of a water-fall, or the silver thread of a torrent; here and there the canopy of faint blue smoke that wavered upward from some hamlet among the hills. Suddenly my eyes fell upon a lake—lying in the shade of an amphitheatre of rocks some eight hundred feet below.

Until that moment the night and its terrors appeared to have passed like a wicked vision; but now the very sky seemed darkened above me. Yes—there it all lay at my feet. Yonder was the path by which I had descended from the plateau, and, lower still the accursed chalet with its background of rugged cliff and overhanging precipices. Well might they lie in shadow! Well might the sun refuse to touch the ripples of that lake with gold, and to light up the windows of that house with an illumination direct from heaven!

Thus standing, thus looking down, I became aware of a strange sound—a sound singularly distinct, but far away—a sound sharper and hollower than the fall of an avalanche, and unlike anything that I remember to have heard. While I was yet asking myself what it could be or whence it came I saw a considerable fragment of rock detach itself from one of the heights overhanging the lake, bound rapidly from ledge, to ledge, and fall with a heavy splash into the water below. It was followed by a cloud of dust, and a prolonged reverberation, like the rolling of distant thunder.

Next moment a dark fissure sprang into sight all down the face of the precipice—the fissure became a chasm—the whole cliff wavered before my eyes—wavered, parted, sent up a cataract of earth and stones—and slid slowly, down, down into the valley.

Deafened by the crash, and blinded by the dust I covered my face with

my hands, and anticipated instant destruction. The echoes, however, died away, and were succeeded by a solemn silence. The plateau on which I stood, remained firm and unshaken. I looked up.

The sun was shining serenely, the landscape sleeping as peacefully, as before. Nothing was changed, save that a wide white scar now defaced all one side of the great limestone basin below, and a ghastly mound of ruins filled the valley to its foot. Beneath that mound lay buried all record of the crime to which I had been an unwilling witness. The very mountains had come down and covered it—nature had obliterated it from the face of the Alpine solitude. Lake and chalet, victim and executioner, had disappeared forever, and the place thereof knew them no more.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY WILLIAM WIRT WHITE.

I.—WHITE RIVER.

The Nation's birth-day came. The Starry Flag Kissed by the morning breezes, to the sun Flung out its folds; the booming gun spoke loud The people's loyal heart and spirit proud. Here rose the voice of Edward—youngest son.

He speaks to Freemen, on the natal day When our forefathers wedded liberty. In words that burn he thrills those listening souls. He does not bear this sound of strife that rolls From the far battle-plain where soldiers die!

II.—VICKSBURG.

The Nation's birthday. O'er a vanquished foe Our army marches into Vicksburg's streets. Victorious!—sounding music's grandest strain, Drowning the memory of all battle pain. High the strong pulse of loyal triumph beats.

There William—eldest brother—rode in pride. One of the conquering army of the West; His youngest brother's voice he does not hear. Peans of triumph fill his happy ear. And pride and hope swell in his happy breast.

III.—GETTYSBURG.

The Nation's birthday dawned upon a scene Of blood and anguish, where the battle-ground Of Gettysburg stretched out its soldier dead And wounded; few the tears those brave men shed. Though agony dwelt burning in each wound.

At the same hour when Edward's voice arose. At the same hour when William with his men Marched into Vicksburg—soldiers knelt in prayer Above a mound of earth; their idol calmly there Slept the deep sleep that wakens not again.

Tis Noah—brother third—that slept the sleep! In Gettysburg's fierce fight he fighting fell. Leading his charge, and shouting "Rally, men!" While striking home for native land again, And there God struck his young life's parting knell.

The above lines are based on a coincidence which is portrayed in the three parts of the poem. The men alluded to are brothers of the Hon. T. W. Ferry, of Michigan, who contributed \$500 to the recent Northwestern Fair.

A NEW MATERIAL IN WARFARE.—Chloride of Nitrogen will, it is said, soon be utilized as an implement of war. Its employment would seem likely to put an end to all war. Mr. Isham Baggs, an English chemist, in announcing his discovery, proposes to carry up his composition in balloons, and drop it from the air in midst of armies and fortresses. "The very mention of this compound," he goes on to say, "as a proposed element in modern warfare, may possibly provoke a smile among chemists, who know that the most accomplished of their number would scarcely dare to experiment

with it in quantities larger than a grain of mustard seed, and even then only at a respectful distance, and under guard at the moment of its detonation. And yet not one of those chemists will be bold enough to deny that with two or three chemically clean cartridges of this terrible compound pre-arranged in a city or fortress, however strong, the slightest cuttings of phosphorus or a single drop of olive oil coming in contact with it, would in one instant decide the fate of the place and its inhabitants." Mr. Baggs then proceeds to affirm that he has discovered a method of overcoming the contingent difficulties, and that he is able to manufacture this deadly material with perfect safety, and in any required quantity, and that it can be safely conveyed to its destination.—*Summary of Medical Science.*

How to DRAW TEA.—A few years since, the writer took tea with a relative, and was delighted with the quality of the beverage. Upon inquiry, it proved that the article was from the same package used by another friend, whose tea always tasted miserably, and the difference was wholly owing to the methods used in its preparation. The last named person followed the usual plan of pouring boiling water upon the tea, which causes most of the aroma to escape with the steam. The other friend adopted the following process, which I have since practiced, and would recommend:—Pour tepid or cold water enough on the tea to cover it, place it on the stove hearth, top of a tea-kettle, or any place where it will be warm, but not enough so as to cause the aroma to escape in steam. Let it remain about half an hour, then pour on boiling water and bring to table.—*Rural New Yorker.*

COAL NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has prepared to deliver at his mine on East Wharf, first rate quality of Stone Coal at the rate of Five dollars per ton. I guarantee this Coal of a quality superior to any in the Territory. A large portion of my Coal is identical with the famous Canal Coal. Orders may be left either at the mine or at the Telegraph Office, G. S. L. City. Jan 15th GEO. W. CARLETON.

Dissolution of Partnership.

THE partnership heretofore existing between Geo. W. Carleton and William Galbraith, in the Weber Coal Mine, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. All claims against said Company will be settled by George W. Carleton, he having bought out the entire interest in said Company. G. W. CARLETON. Wm. GALBRAITH. Feb 5th

NOTICE.

Mining Certificates, Stock etc.—Having received Plates, Cuts, Blank note paper and other material from California, we are now prepared to execute in the finest style, certificates of stock for Mining Companies, incorporated either in this Territory, California, or Nevada.

ALL THE NECESSARY PRINTING for Mining Companies, executed with neatness, at dispatch and on reasonable terms.

Bannack Restaurant and Eating House.

THE citizens of Great Salt Lake City, and the traveling public are respectfully informed that the Bannack Restaurant and Eating House, situated on Main street, opposite the Salt Lake House, is now open, and the proprietor is prepared to furnish Board and Lodging on reasonable terms. Jan 5th JOS. D. BAYLIS.

CAMP DOUGLAS

Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-Cutting SALOON!

JOHN TAUFER has the pleasure of announcing to the residents of Camp Douglas and vicinity, that he has again opened his Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-Cutting Saloon, and is now prepared to attend to the wants of all those who will favor him with a call. dec 15-2m

WILLIAM MAUGER

HAS the pleasure of announcing to the public that he is prepared to perform all work entrusted to him, with neatness and dispatch. Watches repaired and warranted to keep good time. All Jewelry repaired by him he guarantees to give satisfaction. Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Chains, Watch Guards, Ladies' Watches, Breastpins, Finger Rings, Brooches, Gold Studs, Sleeve Buttons, etc. in fact everything to be found at a Jeweler's Store, for sale at his shop at Camp Douglas, U. T. Jan 15th

VEDETTE SILVER AND COPPER MINING Company.

AT A MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS, held this day, an assessment of Ten Cents per share, was levied, and made payable to the Secretary and Treasurer, or before the 1st day of February next. HENRY O. PRATT, Sec. & Treas. Salt Lake City, Jan. 10th, 1864. Jan 21st wtf